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VOL. III

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

No. 1

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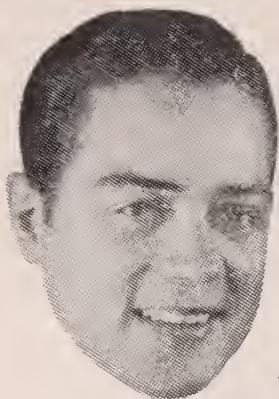
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## Inside The Goblet

At Lehigh, as well as everywhere else, a story in a mag generally remains just that—even after it's been read. And nobody gives a damn about the poor sucker who's been batting his brains trying to get the words out of his system and on to paper. This is your magazine, though, and these are the guys who write it—the same ones who sit beside you in class, and live with you in dorms and fraternity houses. We'll introduce you to a couple of them every issue.

Having fought with Company B of the 47th tank battalion from the "bulge" until VE Day, El Cornog really knows what he's talking about in *So the Kid's a Tanker* on page 22. No newcomer to a typewriter, he edited his battalion paper, *The Bogie Wheel*, and served as chief cartoonist for the 39th Infantry's regimental newspaper. One of the few men on the staff who is able to illustrate his own work, El hopes to get his B.A. in Journalism in June '50. He explains his stuff by saying, "I've had time to muse over my experiences in the war, and like Mauldin, I dislike war impressions that possess a shallow appeal only because of 'blood and thunder' illusions."



Most men on campus are already familiar with his sports articles in the *B. & W.*

Jack Kline, a native of nearby Allentown, was born in 1925, and grew up there. After spending three years with the leathernecks, he came to Lehigh, and hopes to leave it in June '49. A Journalism major, he plans on pounding a typewriter for a living after graduation. Besides writing, his hobbies are guns, hunting, and playing around with motorcycles. *The Lonely Road*, on page 8, is the first of his short stories to be published.

Hayden Norwood, the GOBLET'S brand new faculty representative, is one of those rare birds who couldn't get enough



of Lehigh in his undergraduate days. A member of the Class of '32, he received his M.A. from Cornell the following year, and then returned to Bethlehem to see if he could write himself three square meals a day. In 1942 he joined the staff of the University Library, and in 1945 started working for the Allentown *Morning Call*. Taking time off from his duties as editorial manager of the paper's Bethlehem office, he came to South Mountain this summer to teach a short story course. Most of the talent that he uncovered at Le-

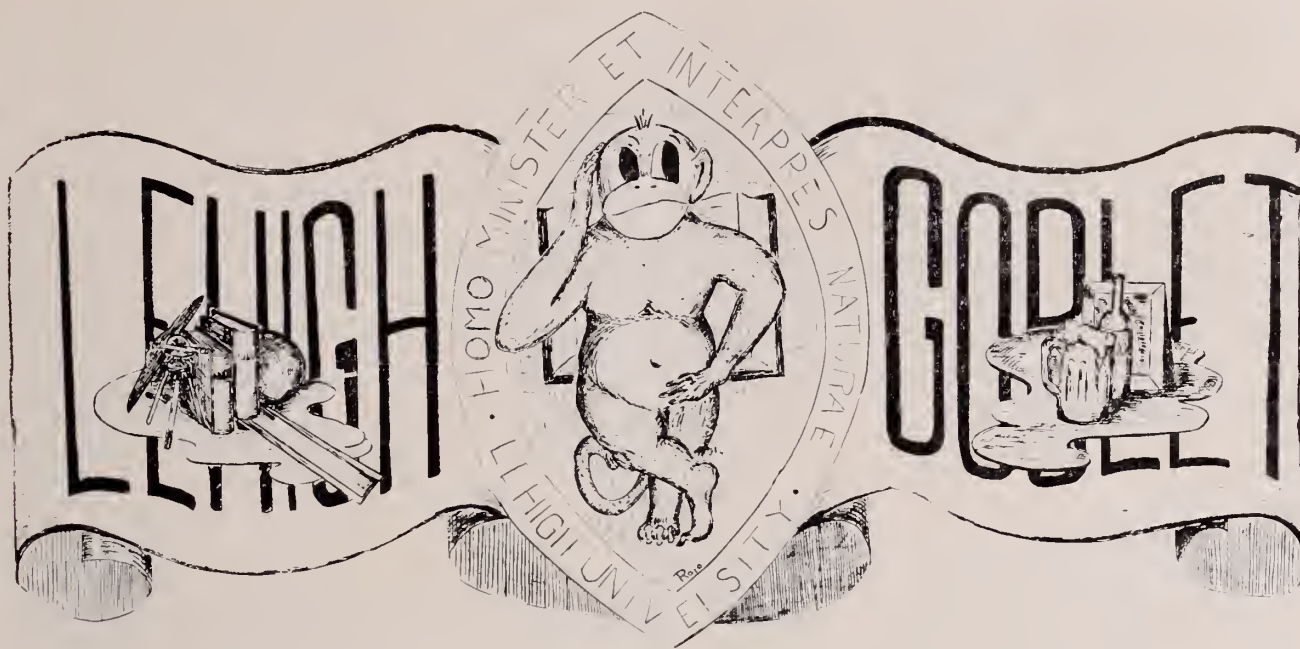


high followed him over to the GOBLET when he was named adviser early this semester. Besides the two books he has written, his short stories have appeared in *Story Magazine*, *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Esquire*, and other national magazines. His piece on Tom Wolfe's sister, in this issue, marks his first appearance in as widely discussed a publication as the GOBLET.

On March 15, 1925, where the Chemung flows into the Susquehanna at Athens, Penna., a tiny creature was found floating on a vine leaf. This creature was later identified as Tom Harris. Identification was delayed because at this time Harris had no beard. Harris spent a couple of years in the Navy (U. S.) on an L. C. I., then he came to Lehigh on the G. I. bill, because he wanted to write for the Goblet. An English and Journalism major, he has had something in nearly every issue of this magazine, and was the author of the controversial story, "Experience With Wine." He wants to write magazine stories and has a really fine collection of rejection slips, which he is saving to paper his bedroom with. Certain quarters say Harris is no good, but we like him. He is fiction editor of the Goblet.







## Ivy and Chestnuts

Maybe we should start throwing editorials all around the place. Those other magazines do it—you know the ones with the big shiny offices, and pretty advertisements, and high paid staffs. But we won't—except to say that it's good to be back, and outline briefly what we're going to do in the future.

This isn't going to be a literary magazine.

This isn't going to be a humor magazine.

This *is* going to be a magazine by and for the Lehigh family. A variety magazine is about the closest tag, if you must hang a label on us. We'll print anything—short stories, humor, articles, cartoons, satire—that meets our standards and is of interest to the population of South Mountain.

The GOBLET *is* primarily a student magazine. If anyone else connected with the university—whether professor or janitor—thinks he's a hot shot on a typewriter let him submit something. Maybe we'll run it. And maybe we won't.

Got it?

And another thing. Thanks to all

those members of the faculty who worked on the various committees that have been discussing the question of a student magazine at Lehigh. If it hadn't been for you, there'd be no GOBLET today!

\* \* \*

George is a small dog. He has an intelligent face, big wistful eyes, and a dirty brown and white coat. His coat is brown and white because he lives on the Lehigh campus. Whenever George gets hungry he wanders into Lamberton Hall, and looks at people with his intelligent face, and big wistful eyes. He wags his brown and white tail and people feed him.

Last time he was in Lamberton Hall there was a sign on his back. It said, "Please do not feed me. I get sick every time I eat here."

\* \* \*

Before nominations for the most eager beavers on campus are officially closed we think someone should consider the inhabitants of the new dorm. Even though this edifice is not yet completed, and won't be ready for occupancy until next fall, lights can be seen twinkling merrily in it every evening. Now we submit that

the source of these ghostly illuminations stem from only one source. Apparently prospective freshmen have already been assigned rooms in the skeleton building, and are busily at work, surreptitiously studying. Since they are not yet even members of the student body, they make their visitations only at night, cloaked in the anonymity of darkness. Men of Lehigh—are we to allow these insidious forces to continue their nefarious nocturnal necromancy?

\* \* \*

Poor boys in Eco 4—we feel sorry for you! Come exam week the text you've been using won't be any good, and you'll have to read a new one for the final. At least that's what you'll have to do if certain economists have their way.

The book in question, authored by Gemmill and Blodgett, has become the subject for somewhat of a national discussion of late. One chapter advocates the redistribution of wealth, and a group of fearful economists are calling upon the colleges now using the text to discard it. Un-American or something.

\* \* \*

What's the toughest scientific course at Lehigh? In an effort to settle this perennial controversy for once and for all, the GOBLET'S special staff of investigators has devoted much time to the problem and has come up with an answer that should knock this topic off bull-session curricula for all time. The course is Library Dynamics and here's the way we discovered it.

One of our boys happened by the library loan desk and overheard a student pleasantly request all the issues of *Life* magazine for the month of June, 1946.

The librarian asked him for the dates of the magazine he wanted.

Still maintaining his air of imperturbability the lad repeated, "I want all the issues of *Life* that bear a date including the terms 'June' and '1946' if it would not inconvenience you too much."

And again the librarian repeated her request for the specific dates of the magazines.

The student pointed out that there are usually four weeks in every

month, *Life* publishes every week, therefore all she had to do was to get him all the issues printed in 1946 that were also printed in June. Not making much headway, our nameless hero finally agreed to get her the dates. With paper and a pencil, he figured when the magazine had been published. After handing her the list, he waited around for a while, and subsequently she reappeared with the magazines.

He had missed the dates by two days.

She had found the magazines anyway.

How did she ever do it?

That's what makes Library Dynamics so tough.

Got a story on the real discovery of America tucked somewhere further back in this rag. Some guys are sure to kick about it, claim we loused up the detail, write many protests to the *Brown and White*. Those dyed in the wool reactionaries, steeped in the timeworn dogmas of the dim historical past, we refer to page 14 of *The American Federal Government*. This weighty tome, currently being toted

by Govt. 51 students, flatly states, "Columbus discovered the West Indian Islands in 1942."

Laugh that one off, you louts!

\* \* \*

One of our more intrepid correspondents wandered down to Third Street the other day just in time to hear the following bit of clever repartee between a typical south side urchin and his big sister:

Bethlehem Urchin—"Hey, sis, is there skyscrapers in heaven?"

Big Sister—"Naw, yez needs engineers tuh build 'em."

\* \* \*

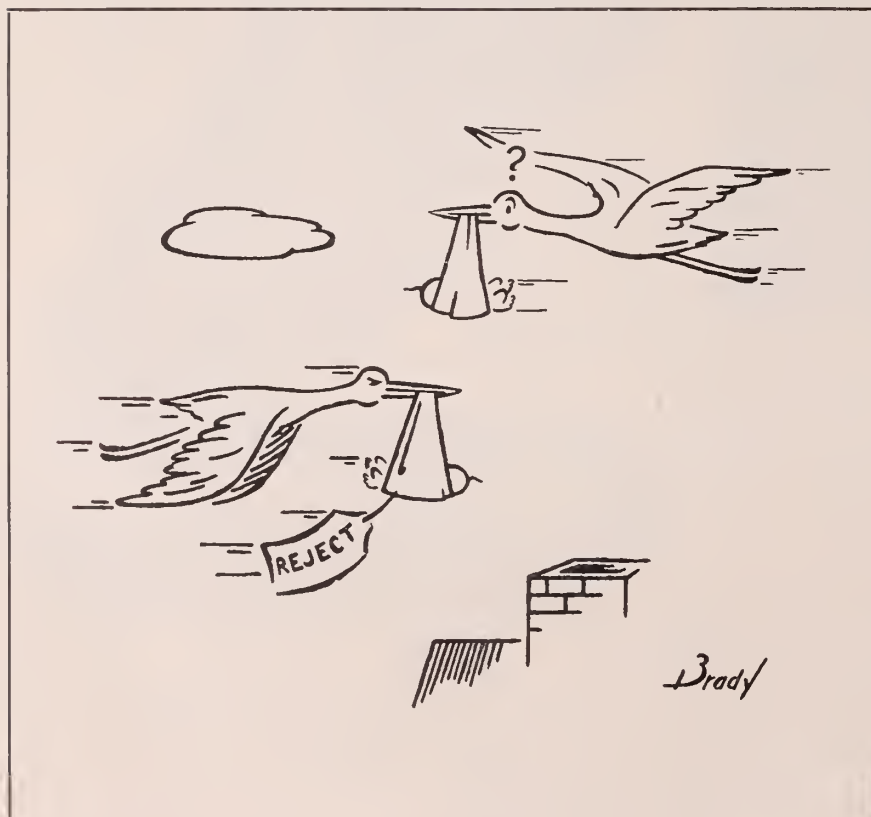
A shocking thing happened around here the other day, and something should be done about it. We heard a student claim he was honest. His name's on file, though, and we'll turn it over to any duly empowered authority. Somebody certainly should take steps. Did you get that? This guy came right out and said he was honest. Completely honest. Admitted it brazenly, didn't care who heard him.

If men like that represent the trend our youth is taking, God knows what unfamiliar, undesirable world they may make. It won't be anything like the one we have now—that's certain!

\* \* \*

If anyone knows the whereabouts of one William J. Epstein throw a lateral drop on him, switch into a figure four, and hang on for dear life. The lad is wanted by the Public Relations Office, Dean of Undergraduates, Registrar, and about every varsity coach on campus.

Seems that during registration week this character filled out the usual forms that are handed to freshmen, and then went on his merry way. Authorities sat up when they noticed he was a letterman from Peddie School who had captained his football, basketball, baseball, and cheer-leading squads. That's when they began wondering. If he was playing all these sports when did he have time to





lead cheers? Reading on further it was discovered that Eppy hails from 404 West Lemon Street in New York, had spent four years in the army, was discharged as a private, and is now living with his second wife. In addition the 21-year-old missing link was editor of his prep school newspaper, magazine, and yearbook, is a former boy scout, and subscribes to the *Daily News*.

Elated over this find, the powers what be, tried to track the lad down, only to discover that the Registrar's office had no ticket for him. On paper, we've got a dream man. Only where is he? The elusive Mr. E poses somewhat of a problem.

\* \* \*

There is a guy up in Drinker 3A who makes using the phone a positive pleasure. Damn near every call into that section is answered with a cheerful, cocky, "Shoot, it's your nickel!" Sometimes he varies it, like, "Okay, bub, shoot, it's your nickel," or maybe, "Shoot, it's your nickel, okay bub!"

This character deserves credit, and we envy him his *joie de vivre*, or whatever that French term is. Up in Taylor D they feud about who should answer calls. And sometimes you listen to it ring for a good half hour. And there is no *joie de vivre*.

\* \* \*

One of our lads dropped around to see Albert Spalding just after the noted violinist completed his recent concert here, and we're now able to give the inside story on why the concluding selection was played without accompaniment. It wasn't that the pianist was unfamiliar with the score, but rather at the personal request of Prof. Milton C. Stuart of the M.E. department.

The story starts a few years ago when Spalding was playing in the Philharmonic Symphony under the direction of Jose Iturbi, the temperamental genius. Supported by a cast including Fiorello La Guardia, in a

show at the Robin Hood Dell (in Philly). maestro Iturbi suddenly went berserk and began breaking up chairs backstage. Spalding saved the day by rushing on-stage and playing a Bach number unaccompanied until Iturbi was able to regain his composure.

Prof. Stuart witnessed the performance that night. Backstage during the intermission here, he told Spalding, "I enjoyed that Bach number you played. Would you play it the same way tonight?"

And so the pianist rested.

\* \* \*

According to at least one local newspaper chivalry certainly is not dead. A short while back the A.P. carried a dispatch telling of the rescue of a fair maiden in distress. This chick was being accosted by two hulking bruisers down New York way, so she started screaming, "Help I'm being raped!" Three knights errant hastened to the damsel's aid, only to soon find themselves in the pokey for obstructing justice. Seems the lady was

far from being a lady—in fact her assailants were members of Manhattan's finest who had just managed to catch up with her on an old larceny rap.

Anyhow, the sordid tale struck home around here since one of the misled gallants happened to be a local boy. The *Globe-Times* even carried the story, except that they reported her as yelling, "Help, I'm being ROBBED!"

No, chivalry is not dead! Not in the Lehigh Valley!

\* \* \*

Bunch of budding surveyors were surveying (we think it's surveying—where they use those transits and things) in front of Coppee the other day. They were having a little trouble with a car parked right in the line of fire. After about five minutes of ineffectual standing around, murmuring, and worrying, somebody asked, "How about moving it?"

"I think," breathed another, "it belongs to Dean Palmer."

They all went away.



Nice doggie — play dead!



Even if you're not a music lover,  
the first time you hear Bach . . .

## . . . "it hits you!"

by TOM HARRIS

It would be going a little bit too far to claim that most undergraduates have never heard of Johann Sebastian Bach, but our Bets. Wagers & Shady Propositions Department is ready to offer pretty generous odds that the name of the great composer doesn't pop up very often in the bull sessions.

We are also willing to make a side bet that mention of the Bethlehem Bach Choir is almost as infrequent.

Is the undergraduate dumb? No. We had an interview with Dr. Ifor Jones, conductor of the Choir, the other day and along with some remarks on music which are worth handing on, it developed that up until the time he was twenty Dr. Jones himself hadn't even seen an orchestra.

He mentioned this in connection with the compelling power with which Bach's music grips even the untutored listener. "Bach hits you," he said in his brisk Welsh accent. "It's an experience that you ought to have, regardless of your musical taste. Even if you don't know Bach or think you don't like him, spend twenty minutes at one of our rehearsals and it will hit you. Once you've got it—you're a different man. It's like this—everyone has one man or one person he admires. Perhaps you don't even become his intimate, but you look up to him and don't forget him."

Dr. Jones has been hit by Bach, and when he talks music it fairly illuminates him. Surprisingly youthful-looking and masculine for the general idea of a music conductor, his moments of sitting still at his desk are punctuated by earnest leanings forward and fluent gestures of hands or a cigarette pack. On a Monday night

at the Trinity Church parish house leading the choir of sincere music lovers which includes steel puddlers and Lehigh professors, he is even more keyed up. There he moves rapidly and excitedly maintaining close rapport with his singers and the music. He can spot one person a little off key among the whole strong two hundred and forty odd voices.

The most important music performed by the choir is the *Mass in B Minor* which traditionally climaxes the annual two day Bach Festival. Recently Victor issued an album of this mass, sung by a choir of less than fifty under Robert Shaw. Dr. Jones has not yet recorded this work. His choir is too large, his music too huge, for present engineering methods (here's a mission for musically minded engineers.) "I myself am not satisfied with present methods of recording large groups like the Bach Choir," he explained. "We produce too great a volume of sound for the average microphone to handle. And when you try to get all that music through one little needle," (here he pushed two fingers together to outline a phonograph needle), "well, it's too much. But recording is a good deal when the time comes."

He plans, he explained, to make recordings of the choir when it is possible. Constant experimenting is being done with the system which transmits the sound of the choir singing in Packer Chapel, which was chosen for the annual Bach festival because of its size and acoustics, to Packard Auditorium. "Some General Electric engineers were here," he said, "and they were amazed at the clarity and

purity with which the music was reproduced. I would as soon sit in the Auditorium as in the Chapel. What the audience in the auditorium hears is exactly what I hear as I stand in front of the choir, for the microphones are directly over my head."

The Shaw recordings and Jones' performances are a contrast in interpretation. Dr. Jones said that, "Which we prefer will be conditioned by our background and experience. We who have heard the Bethlehem group are apt to find the other rather weak."

The conductor interpreting Bach is faced with the problem of interpreting a composer who simply wrote his music down and made few guiding notes for the musician. Asked whether this paucity of notations is a misfortune or a benefit in interpreting the composer, Dr. Jones said, "We do not interpret Bach at all. His music is a style, like Matisse, or Rembrandt, or Goya, have styles of painting. It is different to handle from Beethoven or Wagner or others. Bach is the end of a period which began beyond the renaissance; and he brought all elements of that period, such as contrapuntal design and orchestral usage, into his music."

"His music is like an essay written by a philosopher," the conductor said, "written because he wanted to. He made his music out of an inner urge to compose in what was to him the highest text. It was not especially a religious urge, but musical. The length is purely negligible but the work was conceived as a piece of music as a whole in the mind of one man."

For reasons of length, Dr. Jones



thinks the *B Minor Mass* is less effective as church music than Mozart's *Requiem*, but more effective than Verdi's *Requiem*. "The other sections are shorter," he explained, "and therefore they are more performable." The music as part of a church service, he went on, must be short enough to allow time for rituals to be carried on in the periods between.

Bach had at his command a chorus of seventeen. If he had had a larger group, would he have used it? Dr. Jones answered this one with: "That's a pretty steep subject. We must go by individual personal ideas regarding chorus size because we don't know. Whether he had his chorus in mind, we don't know—his music is so tremendous."

Paderewski once took the bit in his teeth (we hope he won't object to our choice of similes) and stated categorically that the opera *Die Meistersinger* was the greatest work of art the world had produced. Dr. Jones was more cautious. Asked if he would place the *Mass* at the top of the list,

and whether it is superior to *Don Giovanni* or *Die Meistersinger*, he replied simply, "Well, it's the greatest choral work, let us say. It's the greatest choral work in history. Let's not mix our idioms."

This may sound like a pretty big statement, but we're inclined to think there's something to it. At least there is something about the *Mass* the way the Bethlehem choir gives it which sinks into people. Take the story of the blind soprano. In 1944 she moved to Bethlehem so she could sing in the choir. Later she left for a higher paying job in Philadelphia, but in a year or so she came back to the old low paying job in Bethlehem and now, having memorized the scores from notes typed in braille, she helps make the music which every May lures people from Nova Scotia, California, New Mexico, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and assorted other states in a sort of yearly pilgrimage to the chapel on South Mountain. The recurrent spectacle of the Bach Festival has attracted attention from *Life*, *Time*, innu-

merable music magazines, and has been the subject of several books.

"Two symphony conductors whose names I am not at liberty to reveal," Dr. Jones said, "after listening to the choir, wanted to engage it to work with them." A by-law of the choir's constitution forbids its leaving for performances under anyone other than its conductor. The choir on its own has been at Carnegie Hall; Manhattan Opera House; Washington, D.C.; the Academy of Music, Philadelphia; Princeton University Chapel, Hershey Park Convention Hall; and many other places.

One of Dr. Jones' ambitions for the future is to make choir concerts for college students an annual event. He thinks a yearly two-day festival distinctly possible here, to which we could bring family and dates to listen at prices substantially lower than the rather high charge for the affair every May. He has already given one collegiate concert here, which was so successful that another will be staged March eighth.



"... like an essay written by a philosopher."



"Let's not mix our idioms."

# The Long Road

by JACK KLINE

After a while he woke up. He was perched in the skeleton of the Whirl Bug, a metal creation of the Barnes Brothers' circus. Looking down into the cab window, he saw they were rolling fifty-five. His face felt tight and drawn, and in his mouth was the taste of dust. Jouncing along, he cursed the luck that made him the youngest member of the quartet, compelling him to ride the trailer.

He lit a cigarette and inhaled carefully. Shutting his eyes he thought of the home he had left two, long, irrevocable years ago. He saw his mother cooking in the little kitchen and remembered the smell of her spaghetti. When she had died he had taken what little money there was left and departed. Four months later, broke and hungry, he had joined Barnes Brothers.

The wind turned chill and damp as it whistled past him, and he pulled the zipper on the oilstreaked leather jacket until it came half way up, as far as it would go. He stared at the muddy gum boots, and wondered how many miles they still had to go.

His bones ached, and he wished the truck would stop. In the late afternoon they passed through a dusty little town. He watched the girls as they passed and wished there would be more time to look at each one. At eight o'clock the sun dropped in under the clumpy clouds and bathed the truck in warming light. After stopping for gas they all went in the red and white station and sat down at the counter. He fingered his coins in his pocket as he ate. They were his; he liked to feel them and know that. He put a worn quarter in the jukebox, punched five of the buttons, and then walked stiffly over to the pinball machine. One of the four spoke.

**Who — college lad or carnival hand—has not tasted the bitter-sweet draught of loneliness. A tale guaranteed to haunt the memory.**

The driver paid the woman as the boy climbed onto the trailer. "OK?" he said.

"OK," said the kid, feeling sick from the sweetness of the soda. He pulled his jacket off, and spread it over the greasy trailer floor. The truck jerked out of the station and banged up on the edge of the highway. Curling his feet between the supports of the machine he fell asleep.

He woke with a start and looked into the night, feeling alien and afraid. Cold crept in his sleeves, into his collar and in at the front of the jacket. His feet were soaked with sweat inside the black boots, and they began to chill. He pulled out a pack of flattened, dampened cigarettes and put one to his lips.

At ten o'clock they rolled into the fairgrounds at Needles. George, their boss, had the water barrel broken out, and the boy took a long drink and filled his basin. After his face was washed and he was in his thinly-lined sleeping-bag he felt better. He dreaded the morning . . .

They sweated and cursed in the sun, arranging the tackle and driving down the stakes. After the boy had finished greasing the cogs on the Whirling-Bug's arm, he filled the gun and greased all the fittings. When he was through he scrubbed his hands in the can of gasoline. Then he went over to George. "How about letting me have the afternoon George? It looks like a slow day."

George extracted a black book from a worn vest pocket and consulted it, "All right. Don't stay out till Sunday morning though. We'll need you for relief."

He hurried over to the truck and got out his best clothes and a galvanized tub. After he filled the tub at a

(Continued on page fifteen)







# Quoth The Student Nevermore!

by HAROLD G. ROGERS

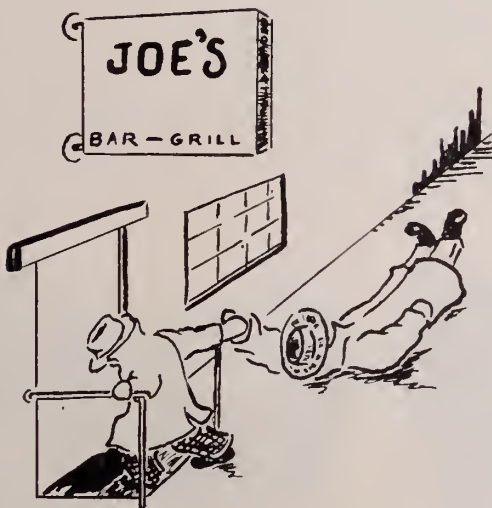
Once upon a noonday cleary  
As I staggered weak and weary  
From a room perched high in Packard,  
Where they'd hold exams next day,  
Suddenly a thought came to me,  
And I swear it almost threw me,  
That the only way to pass was  
Get to work. And right away!



"Oh how horrible," I uttered  
As my bread I slowly buttered  
That same evening in the hashery where  
They serve what's called a meal;  
Hit the books again? I shuddered,  
And I ate the bread I'd buttered,  
But I knew full well that  
That was not the proper way to feel.

So I hastened with my supper,  
Passing up that second cup er  
Two of coffee which I always  
Sipped so slowly with content;  
"Not tonight!" I shrieked upstarting,  
Knocked the table o'er in parting,  
And with frenzied eye, an eager guy,  
Up toward my room I went.

Oh if I had only made it!  
I'd have passed the course unaided  
If cruel fate had not decided .  
That I'd run into those Joes.  
But they talked me into going  
To some taverus they were knowing,  
And I blew the course to hell and gone, but — — —  
that's the way it goes.



Illustrated by CLIFF WINNER

Maybe your roommate doesn't drive around in one of those new low-slung jobs—so what? It's not his fault. He probably loves his old jallop. And who wouldn't, when it's such fun to sit back and enjoy playing a few fast minutes of . . .

## **... Horseless Carriage Carnage**

by A. NORTON McKNIGHT

Through the efforts of Richard Harding Davis football was introduced on the campus of Lehigh in 1884. It was this same year that the first attempt was made to organize a game called Horseless Carriage Carnage. Up until this time the game had been played in a more or less hit and miss fashion. This first attempt at organization was a failure, however, because the rules at each college were too varied.

It remained for the youngest and most brilliant of all Lehigh graduates, Omar Quadowitz, to set up the basic rules which have governed the game, with slight modifications, to the present day. Omar, who graduated at the age of twelve, cum laude with degrees of Ph.D., D.D., C.E., M.E., B.A., M.A., B.S. and S.B., visualized what great proportions the game could take on. The rules he set down were as follows:

### **MECHANIZED TEAM**

1. *May be either wood or coal driven, not charcoal.*

2. *Does not have to follow established tracks.*

3. *No more than three horseless carriages may engage a single Pedate.*

### **PEDATEM TEAM**

1. *May have no artificial protection such as swords, shields, suits of armor, etc.*

2. *May not enter into fortified buildings and from therein wage combat. May enter upon steps and entrances of said buildings.*

3. *No more than twenty (20) Pedates may engage a single STATIONARY horseless carriage.*

No mention was made of the size of the teams, the length or area of the playing field, the length of playing time or method of scoring. These points continued to be settled at the start of the game according to the various terrain features. It is obvious that the rules for high, rocky, sparsely populated terrain would not do for the thickly populated low lands.

Glory was not for Omar, however. In the same year of the publication of *THE RULES FOR HORSELESS CARRIAGE CARNAGE* Walter Camp picked the first All American football team. This list which included the now 'Grand Old Man of Football,' A. A. Stagg, got much more publicity than that of Quadowitz's.

One of the most important changes in the rules of horseless carriage carnage came in the year 1898, at the same time the famous hidden ball play was used in the Cornell-Penn State football game. The first rule was changed to read: "The mechanized team may be propelled by wood, coal or gasoline." Soon after that

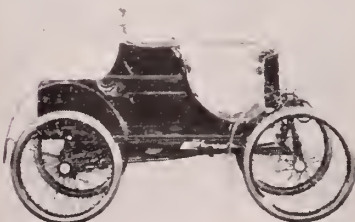
a ruling was made to the effect that "Pedates may not wear spiked shoes or tree climbers."

As in the earlier days of football with the famous Flying Wedge formations, the emphasis in horseless carriage carnage was placed upon knocking the pedate to earth. He was rolled and hammered about by teeth, revolving disks and steel belts. The pedate, or what was left of him, was then allowed to crawl home to heal and again become a potential target. IT WAS CONSIDERED VERY UNSPORTSMANLIKE FOR EITHER TEAM TO COMPLETELY DISABLE A MEMBER OF THE OPPOSING TEAM.

The first horseless carriages were designed with the thought of pursuing the pedates across the open terrain. Notice in such early models as the first Packard (see picture) the high clearance and the high initial contact point.

But the world was too fascinated by such football greats as Walter Eckersall, Jim Thorpe, Knute Rockne, Edward Mahan, George 'The Gipper' Gipp in the first two decades of the twentieth century to pay much attention to the progress of carnage. Improvement of the game was slow. Probably the most important development of this age was a device which produced audible vibrations (horn) and a radiator.

The best results were obtained with the horn by gliding silently to within a few feet of the pedate before squeezing the bulb. Under these conditions the victim would freeze in his tracks, allowing the horseless carriage to



*The Packard Powerhouse, first captain of the team*



take his time and place the shot.

The radiator was a corrugated affair which replaced the flat front as initial contact agent. Its purpose was to scar the pedate horribly. He was then subjected to a deluge of boiling water and superheated steam. Later, to improve the efficiency of the radiator, a 'bumper' was added. This tossed the pedate into the air so that he would strike the radiator more sharply.

In the twenties it was a tossup to decide which made the most headway, football or horseless carriage carnage. True, the great Rockne teams of '20, '24, '29; 'The Four Horsemen'; Red Grange, 'The Galloping Ghost'; Southern Cal's 1925 'Thundering Herd'; 'The Seven Blocks Granite'. Fordham's 1929 line, all showed a great game at its best. It was played the way the public liked, fast, furious and hard hitting. But it was also in this era that horseless carriage carnage was introduced as a game which everyone could play.

Previously the game had been only for the well to do and the rich. Credit for the spread of the game must be given to a man by the name of Ford, Henry Ford. Ford, with the development of the "Tin Lizzy," put the horseless carriage within reach of the average family.

Concurrent with this, Ford produced a method of reversing the carriage with a kick of the foot (see picture). Thus if the effect upon the victim was not as desired it was a simple matter to run back and forth across the body several times.

In the middle and late '20s some attention was turned toward weight.

Sheer overpowering mass made it rarely necessary to repeat the process, as it left the pedate in such a condition that at times identification was impossible. This took much of the sport from the game; the advantage was all in favor of the carriages. Pedates, in turn, were forced to employ such tactics as pouring sugar in gas tanks, slashing tires, smashing windows and breaking the motor block with sledge hammers.

In later years carriages have been built to operate with more speed and



" — with a kick of the foot."

more silence than the earlier models—silence to catch the pedate un-awares, and speed to catch him in a shorter space of time. With this type of design, stamina and ruggedness must necessarily be sacrificed. The newer types are restricted to catching their victims in the fairways. The carriages can no longer chase a pedate across fields, streams and mountains.

Since the early thirties horseless

carriage carnage has lost much of its color. With the development of safety glass and all steel bodies the advantage is too much in favor of the carriages. But there are still some places, and Lehigh's campus is one of these, where the game is kept alive in its original form. The lower campus with its many trees, the steep stone steps, and large fortified stone structures, provides one of the few remaining places where the pedates have an even chance.

The horseless carriages used in the game at Lehigh University are some of the original models which were developed at the prime of the great game.

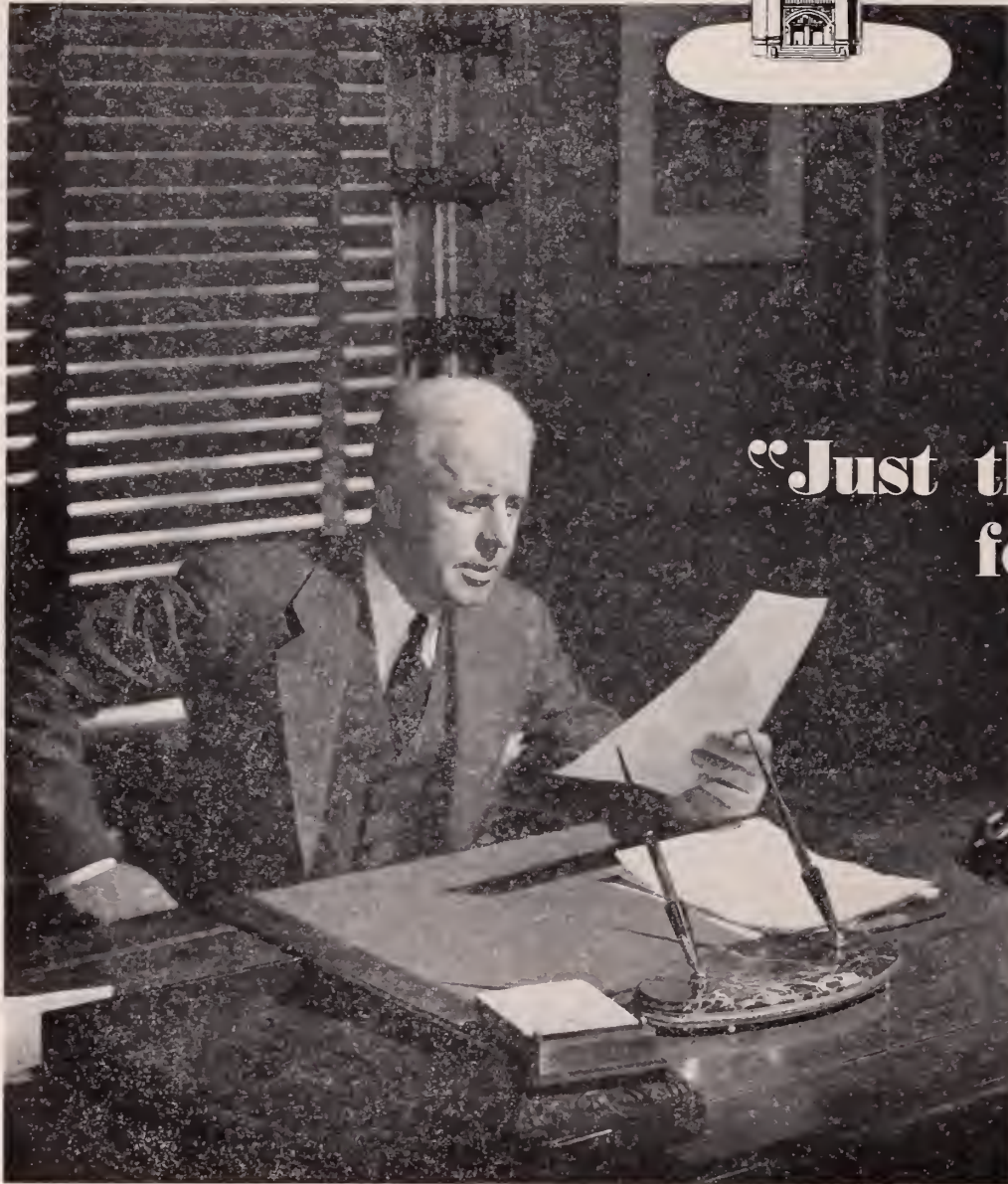
The use of the older model carriages and terrain suitable for both ambush and safety combine to place the pedate on more equal conditions with the horseless carriages at Lehigh. The mixture of these conditions with an abnormal sense of fair sportsmanship on the part of all those playing the game provides excellent opportunities for some of the best games of horseless carriage carnage since its inception. And it is still a common sight to see several horseless carriages bumping against the trunk of a tree in an attempt to dislodge a pedate who has taken refuge in its branches; or to see several pedates waiting in ambush with arms full of sticks, stones, and overripe vegetables on the steps leading to Coppee Hall.

So let us drink a toast to the preservation of HORSELESS CARRIAGE CARNAGE—in its original form as it is played at Lehigh—and —ONWARD TO THE FRAY—HIT THEM AGAIN.



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FOR THE POST-WAR WORLD—A HERITAGE OF STRENGTH



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assumed to involve something radically different, it is gratifying to discover an increasing appreciation of a Lehigh program available for a half century—a program constantly revised to maintain the heritage of strength for the Lehigh University men of today and of tomorrow.

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The GOBLET is proud to present this intimate glimpse into the background of one of America's literary giants. By the author of "The Marble Man's Wife," and "Death Down East."

## ***The Marble Man's Daughter***

by HAYDEN NORWOOD

*Ed. note—When Thomas Wolfe, author of such American classics as "Look Homeward Angel," "Of Time and the River," and "The Web and the Rock," died in 1938 it marked the beginning, rather than the end, of the Wolfe legend. For Tom Wolfe today is a legend—a legend steadily growing as the years go on.*

*Behind all of Wolfe's works loom the omnipresent shadows of his family—his hard-drinking father; the brothers and sisters who grew up with him in the great gaunt house of his childhood; and, most of all, his mother. Last winter admirers of Wolfe greeted enthusiastically a new book entitled "The Marble Man's Wife" by Hayden Norwood, for it satisfied much of the curiosity concerning the strange woman who mothered Tom Wolfe. In this article, Mr. Norwood describes a visit with the author's sister.*

Hundreds of thousands have met her in Thomas Wolfe's writings as Helen Gant, the girl fanatically devoted to her hard-drinking, cancer-ridden father. I met her in the flesh last year when I spent Thanksgiving week-end at her home in Washington, D.C.

My passport was the fact that I'd written a book, "The Marble Man's Wife," about her mother. Publication of the volume was two months distant, but Scribner editor Max Perkins had sent her a letter about me, and she invited me to come.

I found Wolfe's sister Mabel—Mrs. Ralph Wheaton—a stalwart middle-aged woman in a sloppy sweater, a patch of court-plaster on her chin. Whipped by nervous energy, she talked almost incessantly when there was anyone to hear, and nearly all her talk was about her father, her

mother and brothers and sisters, herself and her husband.

Her husband was there too, and he was just as Thomas Wolfe described him under the fictional name, Hugh Barton—"tall, bony, thin to emaciation." But he had developed a palsy, and his hand shook so he could scarcely lift a spoonful of coffee to his lips. One evening I returned late to the house, and he admitted me, gray and ghostly thin in his bathrobe. I apologized for getting him out of bed and he said in a very quiet voice that he had been lying awake. The gentleness of the man was actually palpable, like cold or heat.

While the woman talked—her dark hair unkempt, her large somewhat masculine features vigorously animated—her husband smoked in silence or moved quietly about, bringing a guest an ashtray or readjusting a piece of furniture. He seemed to listen and at the same time dwell apart. There was a continual stream of Wolfe enthusiasts and curiosity hunters at the house. Mabel welcomed them all, pouring herself out to them, and I wondered how many times the thin gray man had heard recounted the minutiae of the long Wolfe saga.

My first night there—they lived in a fine modern home near the American cathedral—guests included a man from the Congressional Library and a richly garbed couple who apparently hadn't read Wolfe but found it diverting to listen to the sister of a famed novelist. Mabel held the center of the stage. Like her mother before her, she ran on with scarcely a pause, but whereas Mrs. Wolfe husbanded her energy, proceeding always at a leisurely rate, the daughter burned terrific quantities of nervous energy, her speech boiling and bubbling, her gestures frequent.

I made a mistake. In a pause I asked who in former days did most of the talking, she or her mother. It really was something to think about, and I just popped out with the question.

A grimness settled upon Mabel's countenance. She regarded each of us in turn, then said: "Now this may sound a very funny thing to you—but I know why you're all here. You're here to find out what you can. You've come here because you're librarians and writers and people like that—to find out what you can, because Tom wrote it all up and made us famous. Now I don't have any delusions about that. I know all about it."

The silence following was rather ghastly. I tried to patch it up, saying I'd asked the question because I'd found her mother an extraordinarily fine talker, and now I'd found the daughter an equally fine talker, and I just wondered what occurred when two such conversationalists were in the same room together.

Well, Mabel appeared mollified. She switched to another topic and proceeded amiably. I felt forgiven. But I had learned a lesson. I had seen the anger, the hurt and the fright in her dark eyes.

In the days following she told me enough to fill several books. And from time to time I saw the hurt and the fright in her eyes. She was deeply loyal to her clan, and she had been seared to the soul by things that had been written about the members of her family. Oh yes, Tom had started it. He had written some of the things that hurt most. But Tom was a genius, and she was very, very proud of him. Indeed she would talk of him by the hour, and after a while the great Thomas Wolfe assumed such colossal proportions, outweighing everything else in the world, that you felt like chucking the chap altogether. And then in a flash, in a few simple words she'd make you see Tom as a young man visiting them in Washington, "without a girl to go to see, because nobody ever thought he'd be famous then."

That was before he had put them all in books for all the world to look at. She bent toward me, and said, "I hope you wrote a good book about Mamma. I hope you—you didn't say anything about the house being dirty, did you?"

She was particularly bitter about the things that had been written about her father. She showed me some of the love letters he had written to Julia, the girl who became his wife, during their courtship days, and they were the tender letters a man very much in love would write. Mabel maintained that here was the proof that her father and mother had been congenial life partners. Of course, Mrs. Wolfe had told me herself that she and W. O. Wolfe had not lived a compatible life—but I had learned my lesson, and I said nothing to Mabel about it.

Mabel suggested my writing a book about her father. She said it might be called "The Marble Man," and be a

companion volume to "The Marble Man's Wife." She showed me all the packets of letters from her father that she and her mother had saved. She said she would help me write the book. She told me what an extraordinary man he was, what a fine man.

She treated me royally that Thanksgiving week-end. Why, one morning breakfast was brought to me while I lay abed, my waiter a worshipful Wolfe enthusiast from the University of Virginia. The meals were rich and tasty (she being an exceptionally fine cook). It was really living off the fat of the land, and when I stood on the threshold with my packed bags, she had turkey sandwiches and coffee packed in a bag to keep me comfortable on the trip home.

I mentioned money.

She waved away the word.

"Your mother," I said, jokingly for fear she might be offended, "was

more business-like. I paid my way at her house."

"Mamma was different," she said. "That's the way she was. But there is something you can do for me."

"What is it?" I asked.

She hesitated. "Write nice things about us," she said.

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## The Long Road . . .

(Continued from page eight)

tapped fire plug he lifted it up onto the body of the trailer and proceeded to wash. He always felt embarrassed and feminine when he peeled the crusty clothes, revealing white skin untouched by sun and dirt.

As he left the grounds heading for town, Sam and Mac saw him.

"Where you going all duded up? Out sparking?"

"Kid, you forgot to wash the grease from behind your ears."

He made an unmistakable gesture and turned, intent on the way before him. He was sick of the carnival, sick of the road. He wished someone his own age were on the Whirling-Bug crew.

Two cigarettes later he was in the suburbs of the little town. Young trees flanked the streets, and the houses had a scrubbed look. He had an uneasy feeling as he strolled down the sidewalks, as he glanced sideways at the comfortable homes. He felt as if the grease were still upon him. Down-town, the lights blinked red and soft green. He went in a bar and drank five light foamy beers. He had thought of the beer all through the boiling morning of work. Leaving the place he decided on a movie. He never cared what was playing as long as it didn't drag.

As he approached the movie box he saw her. She was busily counting coins, her red mouth moving soundlessly. He looked closer and saw deep brown eyes and a small rounded nose. The brown hair was neatly pushed up on the top of her head.

He moved toward the pictures of the feature attraction, keeping his glance on her. After a few minutes he walked to the front of the round box for a ticket. She handed it to him, her lips pressed together, quietly observing him as he hesitated. "Good picture?" he queried.

"All right if you like Ronald Colman."

"Oh."

He licked his lips. "Miss, would

you do me the honor of a date after you're through?"

"I'm sorry. I don't go out with strangers."

"I'm sorry if I sounded smart. I'm new in town and you looked like you wouldn't get angry. I'm sorry."

"Where do you live?"

"I'm with the carnival. We just came in last night."

"Well, if you go there I might go with you."

"You will?" He smiled broadly showing white teeth with little spaces between.

"Here come more customers now. You better go in and get your money's worth. The feature's started."

"I'd rather stay here and talk to you."

"No. I'll see you when you get out."

He went into the darkened theatre, heart pounding. He sat through the picture wondering about her.

After the show he waited twenty minutes until she came over to where he stood.

"Shall we go down to the square and get something to eat?" he asked.

"I'd much rather go out and look at the carnival. Or do you get tired of it?"

"No, that's all right. I can't say how grateful I am that you came. You had every reason to refuse. My name is Harry. Harry Johns."

"Mine's Clara Haines. I'm glad to meet you."

They walked a little apart, the girl slightly smaller than the boy. She had a habit of cocking her head when she talked. His plain light wool suit was in contrast to her blue dress with its angora wool pockets. Her skirt was knee length, revealing muscular, well-formed legs. He tried not to stare.

At the carnival she went into a rest room and when she came out he looked at her too long.

"What's wrong, do I look that bad?"

"No, you look that nice."

"Thanks, Harry. I think I'm pretty cute too."

They both laughed and went to-

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ward the Mystic Castle. He nodded to the nosey ticket man and they walked in. Over the turn-tables, through the big barrel and the rubber bars they went, laughing about nothing. When they got to the dark part she grasped his hand and whispered, "You go first."

Harry laughed and walked ahead, feeling his way, conscious of nothing but the feel of the warm hand in his. Up on the balcony he led her successfully around one air jet, only to have her walk over another. The whistle shrilled and she screamed as the air blew her skirt high. Harry didn't know what to do. The people watching below howled and whistled.

They walked up the midway and she stuck her cotton candy in a fat woman's face. Harry saw the woman start to get red and maneuvered the girl to the outside of the jam.

"You better not do that again, there's some tough women floating around with the carnival." He smiled at her hurt look.

After they had been on all the rides and sampled at least half of the refreshments she turned to him. "Where do you work?"

"I'm with the Whirling-Bug."

"Can we go on?"

"Sure, if you want. It's a little rough on a full stomach though."

"I've been up in planes already and didn't get sick."

"You really shouldn't . . ."

"You want to be the perfect escort don't you? I want to go on the Bug. I'll go home if you don't take me."

"All right," he said, looking down-cast.

"I was only kidding you. Can't you take a joke?" She poked him in his ribs. "Come on, let's go on the Bug, the sickening old Bug."

She got off sick. After she was all through in back of the tent he took her to his sleeping bag and filled the basin and washed her face. "Here's some of my gargle."

"I feel better now. I never felt so miserable. I feel all right now."



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"Let's walk into town, it's getting late."

He took her arm and they fought through the pushing throng. Then she walked closer to him and held his arm.

When they crossed the bridge leading into town she pointed down at the bank. "Let's sit, there's a step down there."

"Have you ever sat there before with boys?"

"No, I know it from swimming. I swam here when I was young." She smiled at him. "Please don't be jealous . . . especially of me. No one ever bothered to take me out."

"I wasn't jealous. I wouldn't have any right to be."

They sat and looked at the stars and then he looked at her face. She was getting to be a part of him and he shuddered when he thought of the road.

"Are you cold?" she asked.

"No."

"Thanks awfully for tonight, I enjoyed it."

"It was wonderful," he said.

He looked at her fresh face and the brown eyes that looked black in the night.

"Do you mind if I kiss you?"

She didn't move; she looked at him. He kissed her lightly and then moved back. "Thanks." His face was torn with tenderness. She put her hand on his. He pulled her close and kissed her mouth hard and long. Then he got up. "I didn't mean it that way. I'm sorry."

She laughed and smacked his cheek lightly with her hand. "There, that makes up for it."

At the house he left her. She didn't let them kiss again.

The next morning, in the grime and dirt of his clothes, he thought of her. His heart swelled and he looked at the sun. George walked over, "We're packing early in the morning kid. Get some sleep tonight."

He felt loneliness already and said,

(Continued on page twenty-one)



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# Chris Gets Crossed



Centuries have a habit of throwing a kindly light on events that have shaped the destiny of mankind. This veil of unreality was lifted recently with the discovery of some ancient manuscripts written by a gay, but penniless philosopher, Damon Arpee . . . part of whose diary appears below.

by DAMON ARPEE

I am walking down the Rialto the other pe-em when who do I see approaching me but Crazy Chris Columbo, the nutty navigator. This is surprising me no end, since last I have heard of Chris he is sailing around the world trying to prove it is round instead of—as everybody knows—square. Except for this one queer quirk, though. Crazy Chris is a pretty regular citizen, and so I am no little bit disenheartened to see him looking worse than the south end of a north bound skunk.

"Greetings and salutations Crazy Chris," I am saying, "how is the ball bouncing for you these days?"

Chris glims me sorrowfully for a moment and whispers, "Old friend, not only has the ball stopped bouncing for me these days, but someone has let all the air out. In fact, I am now on my way to Ma Greenbaum's emporium in hopes of obtaining a few shekels for this fine collapsible telescope which you can not see because I have collapsed it all the way."

I perceive that this is Chris' way of telling me that the gods of fortune are glaring at him with animosity of late. This surprises me no end since last I have heard he is in Spain making eyes at Queen Isabella who is tossing him a large variety of all-thirty-two teeth-jumping-out-and-saying-hello-smiles in return. Also I notice that he is not giving out with his usual making round ones out of square ones routine, which is always getting

many laughs in the old days. Seeing him gazing wistfully in the window of Horn and Hardartti's spotless spaghetti kitchen, I put a couple of deuces together, and say, "Crazy Chris, my old chum, I am about to partake of a quick bagel brunch, and would be pleased if you would accompany me into yonder one arm joint."

This is enough to make Chris canter into the emporium, and it is several blue plate specials later, while we are finishing the last of our celery tonic, that I feel it is time to delve into the sordid past of my old buddy.

"Crazy Chris," I begin, "several citizens are wondering why it is that you are such a scarce character of

late. The last we are hearing of you you have a sweet sounding racket set up in Spain. Why it is that now I find you in such sorry status?"

With this, Chris breaks down, and it is only after several stanzas of prolonged sobbing that I am able to get the following story from him.

Indeed, a few months prior, things are looking brighter for Chris than the underside of a Milan math prof's pants. Dizzy Izzy, the Come-on Queen, is his own private honeybunch. Four Eyes Ferdy, her husband, is getting fitted with some new cheaters and does not catch the kids' act. Chris is playing his hand close to the doublet, and taking his own sweet time about putting the screws on his honeybunch. Soon, the nothings they are trilling to each other impress Izzy to the extent that she is moved to hock the family jewels and donate the proceeds of this small transaction to her dreamboat's own private checking account.

This is in the nature of a large mistake. Chris is no man to linger while some spare skins are loitering in the vicinity. He palms the green stuff, upholsters three gondolas, and after rounding up some hoods he knows from the old days, shoves. Things progress satisfactorily at first, but



YEA, JOE IS SURE FUNNY WHEN HE DRINKS —



then his "the world is round" pitch begins garnering unpleasant comments. In fact, one day while Chris is walking the poop deck, where he goes whenever he is feeling slightly pooped, some dire threats begin floating his way. Things are indeed looking dark, until the arrival of one small squab which Chris is recognizing as the sister of one of Mindy's two-bit blueplate special partridge-on-toast platters that a traveling salesman has shown him while they are both peddling hot chain letters in their undergraduate days. Even the dumbest hood around knows Mindy's has the best club sandwiches in the new world, so the boys figure there is no percentage in foreclosing when they are that close to home plate.

Sure enough, it is only a short time later that they are all sitting around in a corner pub discussing this and that. Soon this sailorman and foreigners' daughters routine begins to run down and Chris figures it is time to return. They load up the ships with some items they have lifted from the locals, and even load up some of the locals to the extent that there are more characters returning to Spain than have set out.

When they get back there is indeed merriment. Chris and his hoods are loaded onto the backs of ox-carts and are driven down the Street of Walls. Local members of the populace are breaking up handfuls of spaghetti and throwing them from the tops of the tallest buildings. Four Eyes Ferdie makes a short speech of welcome and kisses Chris on both cheeks, which makes Chris laugh because Ferdie besides wearing glasses is also wearing a large beard. Even Izzy is willing to forget the fast shuffle she got and take up his option from the AA league.

Up to this point Chris has been telling me his story, I have been nodding and clucking my tongue, and we have been having a fine time. Also, I cannot figure out why Chris is in such bad state when I find him, because so far everything he has told sounds strictly kosher.

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walk softly.

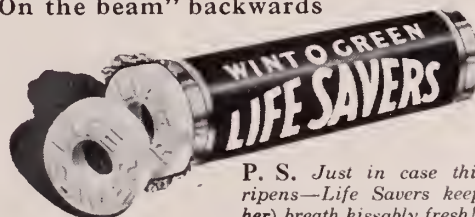
Cluck:  
Because he can't  
walk, hardly.

Are you  
*Maeb eht no\**



**You are**, if you get tongue-tied when you meet a cute cookie! Or worse yet, if you stoop to "weather talk!" *Get on the beam* right, fellow! Start off from third base! Offer that choice bit of calico a yummy Life Saver. She'll be keen on them (and you).

\* "On the beam" backwards



5¢

P. S. Just in case this friendship ripens—Life Savers keep your (and her) breath kissably fresh!

"Crazy Chris." I interrupt. "if all you have narrated is straight stuff, then you are indeed a fortunate gee. In fact I am wondering why I find you moseying along the Rialto without the skins necessary to purchase even a businessmen's luncheon."

With this Chris begins sniffing again and it is only after several minutes of extreme doubt, that he is able to conclude his narrative.

"Chum," he says, "everything is indeed looking rosy for me, except for Ferdy's beard which tickles and makes me desire him to stop kissing me, when all of a sudden several of the mid-town squad are pointing their pikes at me and making menacing gestures. Then Jayparnell Thomasio, begins kikitizing with the characters in the cheaper seats. and I perceive that I am indeed in a tubful of tepid mouthwash. In fact, after a short stop at a nearby precinct, I find myself in the pokey."

I have heard of this Jayparnell

Thomasio, and word has it that he is not exactly someone to be regarded too highly. Four Eyes Ferdy has named Thomasio to head the local Federal Board of Inquisition and get rid of all the dead heads. Thomasio, who is as deaf as Four Eyes is blind, thinks that Ferdy has said red heads. Soon after he has gotten rid of all the carrot tops, he proceeds to eliminate anything else that is even slightly pink. Also, it is whispered about he will even try to censor books and newspapers, seeing as some of them are read. But I still cannot figure out why this character has picked on Crazy Chris; so I say, "Crazy Chris, I still can not figure out why this character has picked on you to the extent that after a short stop at a nearby precinct you find yourself in the pokey!"

"Well," says Chris, wiping his eye with a short length of lace he obtained at a fire sale at Macio's, "remember those yokels I brought back with me?"

"You mean . . ." I start.

"Yes," he says, "Jayparnell Thomasio is discovering that they have red skins."

And for those of you who prefer hard candy to soft drinks may we suggest taking a crack at the Life Saver contest. Just send the best joke you've heard this month to us at Drown Hall, we'll pick a winner, and he'll get a carton of Life Savers.

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**The Long Road . . .**  
(Continued from page seventeen)  
"I have somebody to see tomorrow—I must."

"You can't. I'll give you another day at the Holtsville stop if you want to work twenty hours straight."

He sagged. "All right George, forget it."

He crawled into his bag and thought of her. He had never kissed any other girls. He knew it couldn't be the same with any other girl. Then he smiled to himself and turned to sleep. In the morning he awoke with shouts in his ears. The sun was climbing but the air was very cold.

He pulled on his boots and trousers, picked up the jacket and walked down to the prostrate Bug. He walked up to George and said firmly, "I'm going to stay here a day; I'll catch up with you at Holtsville."

George mouthed his cigar, "If you do you won't find your job when you get there."

He worked at the packing, not thinking of the girl. His belly felt cold and empty. His back ached. After the trailer was packed he rolled his effects in the sleeping bag. Everyone was in the cab and George yelled "Well, are you coming?" He didn't say anything as he climbed aboard.

"OK?" said George.  
"OK," he answered.

The truck nosed out the road, past the bridge where they had sat. He hunched and looked out the other side of the trailer. Then he spread his jacket on the floor. He lit a cigarette and dragged on the end. They were on the road.

In Pawtucket, almost nobody reads the GOBLET.

The GOBLET has an editor-in-chief.

The GOBLET has been written up in the *B&W*.

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# So the Kid's a Tanker

by ELWOOD CORNOG



The fog crept over the meadows from the Modar River and clothed Hageneau in a cold shroud of February whiteness. Now and then a German signal flare stained the landscape amber.

Pfc. Herrick stared intently as all melted into darkness again. He was an unshaven, lean soldier with piercing brown eyes and large knotty white hands. He held a machine-gun loosely. A steel helmet was cocked over the right side of his head like Fred Astaire's derby. Herrick liked the darkness; it was soft and friendly. He could think better in it.

"Be off guard in ten minutes," Herrick mused. "Good deal. Maybe play rummy with Meuse if he's not drunk again. Wonder if the new kid is still asking the boys about our war here?"

A German mortar coughed hoarsely from across the river. A second later, the shell passed over Herrick's head and nosed its way back into the American lines, hissing as it went. Then a dull roar.

Herrick plunged in a shattered doorway as red tracers slashed the blackness to ribbons.

"Never get tired of playing do they?" growled the sergeant who was on guard with Herrick.

"No," said Herrick slowly, "they don't seem to."

"Burp guns again. Krauts jumpy tonight."

"They must of crossed the river and come into our side of town. Hear fifty cal fire down near the railroad station." Herrick ran his tongue over his lower lip. He yawned.

"What's the time, Ric?"

"Just about ten. Gorham and Millburne should be here any time now."

Stones gritted in the rubble filled alley to the left of the men. Herrick saw two blurry forms picking their way through the piles of brick and splintered timbers. Standing behind a burned-out half-track, Herrick and the sergeant watched the two men as they made their way toward the outpost.

"Halt! Zebra!"

"Amen!" snapped the challenged pair. They stood still momentarily and then ambled forward.

"OK guys, take off," grumbled Millburne in dull monotone. "See you tomorrow."

"Oh yeh, almost forgot. See if you can shut up that new replacement," said Gohram hotly. "The kid has the boys pretty well burned up with his asking about why we do this with tanks and why we do that."

Herrick smiled faintly. "The kid's new to the racket. Give him a couple of days and he'll settle down."

Two minutes later, Herrick stood in front of a shrapnel-slashed factory building. He watched the sergeant pole across the oily canal that oozed past the right wall of the factory. The sergeant vanished in the shadows.

"Wonder if she's good looking," Herrick asked himself. He opened the heavy steel door and stepped into a wet corridor that smelled like vinegar. After closing the door, Herrick shuffled toward the sliver of light that was far down on the left side of the passage. He turned the sweaty knob and

In formulating policy we decided to reject war stories because there have been so many of them. But this one, exhibiting such a degree of power and depth of understanding, urged itself as a must.

strode into a smoky room that rumbled with voices.

It was a square room, crowded with double-decked bunks and boxes of K-rations. Next to the blanketed window, six men sat around an oil drum serving as a stove. At the far end was a scarred mahogany table. A drunk soldier lay there, his head resting on a richly-embroidered table cloth. A candle stuck up like a light-house over the strewn sea of playing cards.

Texas Wallace guzzled cherry wine from a nicked green flask and then passed it on to the circle of men. Wallace was a large muscular man with a hard-bitten face that was lined with good-natured wrinkles. A purplish-white scar zig-zagged across his left cheek. Occasionally he twitched his left eye as if the skin was pulled too tightly over his cheek bone.

"How 'bout a drink Ric?" asked Wallace, beaming from ear to ear.

"Sure will," said Herrick. He emptied the flask in five gulps.

"Hell boy, now take er a bit easy! Wine's tough ta git in this town," complained Wallace. "These two other bottles of Dago-red were only ones I could rustle up for tonight."

"Where'd you get these Wally?" Hobbs asked.

"Had ta scramble through a loada packin' cases 'n then crawl into a cubby hole," answered the Texan. "Reckon the place usta be a hotel. It's just left of the railroad station 'n 'bout three blocks from the river. First wine I've been able ta git here without peelins in it."

"Oughta shoot these damn Alsace people for all the trouble they cause us," added Herrick's gunner who then



sat back and quietly gnawed on his K-ration fruit bar.

Suddenly orange flame glared outside. The entire building trembled under the explosion. A jagged slab of plaster fell from the ceiling.

"Damn fools never go to sleep," shot Benney Adamson.

"Ah, er . . . just what is our situation here?" stammered the new replacement.

"Nobody rightly knows," rasped Wallace after a pause. "Enjoy yerself 'n forgit it. Let the high brass worry about it ma boy. We're only here to do some fightin if need be."

The men saw that the kid resented Wallace's answer. Under tassels of corn-silk hair, his blue eyes probed the circle of veterans for a friendly smile or wink. This was his first night in Baker company. Nevertheless he was secretly proud. He was the only man with a crease in his pants. "This was Fort Knox discipline. It pays to look like a soldier. Really pays. It shows class." Tattered basic training phrases turned over in his mind.

"Kid, this is the best damn setup Baker company has snagged since it's been in France," jabbered Olson. "We got the new type C-rations, we got beds with springs, and we got a stalemated front outside. Just appreciate it kid, that's all we ask."

"Has Hockman come down with the mail yet?" asked Herrick.

"We been waiting all evening. He musta found a girl back where the 105's are set up," said Adamson.

There was a lull in the conversation.

"Say Rick, have you talked to any of the 101st boys since we've moved into town?" inquired Wallace. "You would think they was heroes or somethin' from the way they talk about their damn, rough time in Bastogne."

"I'll take the 45th myself," said Herrick. "I liked the way they backed us up at Hatton and Drusenheim."

Finally Wallace turned to the new replacement. "How 'bout whistlin' some of the new songs from the States for the boys? Nobody's heard a new

one since that last flock of replacements at Christmas time."

The kid whistled, and the men listened with interest. Cleaning his Thompson, Herrick watched the kid too. Wallace thanked him after he finished, and the kid virtually glowed. For a moment, the room was plunged into unbearable quiet.

Adamson broke the silence. "Damn, when's Hockman coming up with the mail?"

"Room service is a little slower here than back in those Nashville hotels," said Herrick grinning. "Gotta give Hockman time."

The din increased outside. Cracking 88's were answering the salvos of the 105 batteries that were dug in behind the hills of Hageneau. Machine guns chewed hungrily at sand-bagged barricades. The men listened.

Wallace took a deep drag on his cigarette and looked up at Herrick. "Ever write to that red-head that ya used to mozey around with in Nashville?"

"No. I never write to Reva," said Herrick. "She was a good-time kid but that's about all. Besides, her old man hated my guts."

"Thought you was thinkin of gittin hitched?" questioned Wallace.

"You got me wrong Wally. If I ever get out of this ETO, I want a little peace for a change."

Wallace and Herrick continued talking while the young replacement listened. The rest of the men stretched out on their bunks and dozed. The conversation finally died. There was only the noise and the confusion of the outside. Suddenly the door burst open, and Hockman rushed in with the mail.

"Come 'n get it!" Hockman shouted.

The tired men tumbled from the bunks and pushed close to the mail clerk.

"Gimme room will ya fellas!" spat Hockman. Then he gave out the mail. After joking about some of the letters, Hockman put on his steel helmet,

(Continued on page twenty-four)

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### So the Kid's a Tanker . . .

(Continued from page twenty-three)

zipped up his jacket, and quickly stepped to the door. "I wanna pass on some mail to the boys at the other outpost. Oh yeh, almost forgot this. The old man wants to see Potter in the morning. Is he here?"

"Who in the hell is that?" drawled Wallace.

The apple-cheeked kid walked up to Hockman. "That's me," he said, almost whispering.

"Captain wants to see you after you pull your morning guard. It's some kind of mixup about your M.O.S. number."

The kid flushed with confidence. His blue eyes danced as he pulled a small card from his clean pocket. The men stood by in wonderment.

There was a second of silence. Then boyishly gushed. "This card proves I'm a tanker."

There was a second of silence. The uproarious laughter. Herrick sat on his cot and watched. The kid was crimson. He drooped like a wet pup tent. Hockman looked apologetically at the kid.

Turning to the men, Hockman belated. "Why people write to such crude slobos as you, I dont know."

Wallace and the others laughed all the harder. Herrick ground his cigarette on the cement floor, walked past the laughing men, and sauntered out to gaze at the night.

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### FROM OUR MAIL BAG

Dear Editor:

Since I hear the Goblet is now supposed to be an organ of expression for the whole Lehigh Family, I guess it will be all right for me to write and you to print this letter concerning one of the most frequent and annoying errors which turn up in the work of English zero seminar—the run-on sentence.

A run-on sentence is a sentence of extreme length which is so long it may take and on as though the writer didn't know how to bring a sentence to an end by simply adding a period or maybe didn't want to which may be the case and does not use much punctuation such as commas and semi-colons and colons and hyphens and so forth but does use a lot of "ands" and gives a helter-skelter rushing on effect and gets so long and involved and tangled and far away from where it started that it becomes confused and confuses the reader as well as perhaps the writer who seems to have become caught in the rushing current of the runaway sentence which is bolting like a horse with a bit in its teeth and going God knows where and won't stop and carrying him along with it as well as the reader in a headlong fast rush that ought to be stopped with a quick period.

I would like to elaborate on this annoying sort of writing which is not only annoying but insidious and tricky in that if a person isn't careful he may wind up using that type of sentence himself but I see that I have written several hundred words almost before I noticed what I was doing and am a little out of breath and also I realize that your space for printing things in the *Goblet* is probably limited so I will be content with a quick simple expression of remaining

very truly yours,

Eliot Crot.

T. S., Eliot!

### A Goblet War Anecdote

Three of us had been floating in the South Pacific for a week after our Navy scout plane had been forced down. Our pilot, who was regular Navy and a bug for regulations, had taken over half the raft as officer's quarters, and ordered us not to cross the center seam. Since we were only swabbies we decided to humor him and kept to ourselves as much as possible. Everything was going as smoothly as could be expected until our matches got soaked. Cigarettes were the only thing there was enough of on the raft, and loss of matches thus presented quite a hardship. After trying to figure a way to get a light for a while the officer finally condescended to ask for help. My companion, a Lehigh graduate, was equal to the situation. Without a moment's hesitation he reached out, removed the unlit butt from the lieutenant's trembling fingers and threw it overboard. "What the hell did you do that for?" demanded the officer. And my friend replied with justifiable pride, "Sir, I have just made this raft a cigarette lighter!"





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He Ubangi: I hear that Mbongo has left his wife.

She Ubangi: Really? Why?

He Ubangi: He says that every time she drinks a Pepsi, she smacks her lips, and he can't stand the clatter.

He: Why do you call my date "Pepsi," when her name is Betty?

She: Oh, we all call her "Pepsi" because she goes with anything!

★

He: I never knew what real happiness was until I married you.

She: Darling!

He: Yes, and by then it was too late.

★

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## Daffy Definitions

Here's a column that must have some deep underlying significance. Darned if we know what, though. All we know is that these rate a buck each—and the daffier, the better.

Frustration—having a Pepsi-Cola and no bottle-opener.

Stork—bird with a big bill.

Professor—textbook wired for sound.

Thirst—obsolete term; dates back to pre-Pepsi-Cola era.

Cooperation—one bottle of Pepsi with two straws.

\* \* \*

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